

## J. SLOAT FASSETT OPPOSES HOLD-UP TO NAME HUGHES

Fresh From Solicited Interview  
With President, He De-  
clares Hostility.

WOULD INJURE TAFT.

Rejected by Leaders and Voters,  
He Declares, Candidacy  
Would Be Costly.

After visiting President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay Congressman J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, prepared for The Evening World the following statement, representing the views of those Republican leaders who oppose Gov. Hughes:

BY J. SLOAT FASSETT.

I did not volunteer to go to Oyster Bay, but at the telegraphic request of the President I went. What I said to the President or what he said to me I do not feel at liberty to repeat, but I do feel at liberty to state my views about the New York State situation.

New York is the pivotal State in the national election. As between Taft and Bryan and what each candidate stands for, I think New York is easily for Taft by not less than 50,000 majority. No State in the Union has so heavy and vital an interest in maintaining the Republican tariff and money policies and the policy of Government regulation of quasi public corporations as New York State.

But, unfortunately, there is not to be a plain issue between Taft and Bryan. The case is complicated by the fact that we have a State ticket to elect.

Gov. Hughes, after failing in his Presidential aspirations and after announcing that he would not be a candidate again, has dropped and has announced that he will accept renomination if it is tendered. His followers assert that unless he is renominated they will bolt the ticket and defeat the party.

His friends are asserting in speech, in letters to the President and to Taft and to others, as well as in communications to the newspapers, that "the people" are for Hughes, and only the "politicians" and "bosses" and "leaders" and "gamblers" are against him.

All Leaders Against Him.

If this were the true situation, if the people by a genuine majority is really for the Governor, then by all means he ought to be renominated and the "regulars," the "rank and file," the party workers and the party builders would be the last to find fault with the facts and the first to accept the will of an honestly ascertained majority and would, as us all, do cheerfully all the real hard drudgery work of the campaign.

It is the duty of a party "leader" to know what his backers-viz., the majority in his district-believe in and want done. He must do it or cease to be a leader.

Now, confessedly, without one exception, the party leaders in this State are opposed to Hughes's renomination. Almost without exception the members of the Legislature who know him best are opposed to him. The active workers everywhere are opposed to him, and they say that most of their people are, save in a very few districts. Under these circumstances the people should pass directly upon the question at the caucuses. That is really the most important question Republicans have to decide. It may easily involve a national defeat or a national victory.

If Gov. Hughes is carried down, we are told, he will be renominated. A queer argument! It amounts to saying, "If you don't vote for him, he will be renominated." If he is renominated the great army of active Republicans will be discouraged. Personally, if Gov. Hughes is renominated I shall, as always, actively support the ticket for the party's sake, for I believe the party to be of far greater

## Mrs. Murray and Dalmatian Pet Which Saved Her From Brutal Thug



MRS. GEO. MURRAY.

value than any one man or one man's whims.

I do think, however, that it is up to Gov. Hughes and his friends to show where the Governor is any stronger now than two years ago in any place, any particular. Two years ago the Republican State ticket and William R. Hearst were defeated. The Democratic State ticket won and Hughes benefited by Hearst's extreme weakness.

Voters Have Lost Votes.

I do not explain or comment upon the right or wrong of it, but the cold fact is that some of the Governor's voters have lost him votes. There are 1400 policemen who resent his action on the Three-Platoon bill. They are not all Democrats, and it is a cold day when an interested policeman is not good for several votes. There are many thousands of volunteer firemen who resent his treatment of them and their cherished legislation.

There are tens of thousands of railroad men in different grades who feel hostile to the reelection of Gov. Hughes. There are many who resent his veto of the Two-Cent-Fare bill. There are many thousands of members of the so-called Personal Liberty League, not all of them Democrats, who oppose the Governor—justly, I think. Careful canvasses show that Albany, Onondaga and Erie counties, which gave him splendid pluralities two years ago, would give heavy majorities against him this year.

In all my experience I have never known so fierce an opposition to a possible candidate with no other candidate in the field for the opposition to rally around. To me this seems worthy of consideration, and when the people are so interested, and they confessedly now are in this Hughes question, the people themselves should decide, and not the leaders.

I think neither Mr. Taft nor President Roosevelt, nor the State Committee, nor Mr. Hughes should decide who is to be our gubernatorial candidate, but the people of the State in their free and open caucuses.

I hope we shall choose and elect some man who will be as good a party man after as before election and who, while refusing dictation from any source whatever, will love his party quite as much as he works as in word and deed will be loyal wherever loyalty is due.

## HE EN M. LONEY'S DECREE NOW ON FILE

Supreme Court Likely to Make  
Final Adjustment of Her  
Marital Troubles.

A memorandum was filed in the County Clerk's office today in stenographic form, announcing that a decision and interlocutory judgment of annulment of marriage had been granted to Helen Maloney against Arthur H. Osborn. The memorandum states that the decree was filed "in this office on the twentieth day of May, 1908, and that no order has been entered in this office since the entry of the interlocutory judgment."

Must Prove Pole Discovery.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)  
Over their lunch the fishermen, at ease in the bobbing boat, talked about Peary.  
"Why doesn't he just lie about it—come back and say he's reached the North Pole, and let it go at that? It would save a lot of money."  
"Yes, it would save money, but Peary must keep his word."  
"What's the use of this? If he comes back and says he's reached the North Pole, and let it go at that? It would save a lot of money."  
"Yes, it would save money, but Peary must keep his word."

## CREDITS HER DOG WITH SAVING LIFE FROM NEGRO THUG

Mrs. Murray Tells How Hound  
Responded as Strangler At-  
tacked Her.

"Nothing can be too good for Minto, for he saved my life, I believe," Mrs. George Murray told an Evening World reporter today, in her apartments at No. 273 West Tenth street.

Minto, the dog that drove off a big, coal-black negro who attempted to assault Mrs. Murray, a frail little Southern woman, was devouring a big plate of chicken as she spoke. He looked up and growled as he observed a stranger in the room.

"You see what a trusty guardian he is," went on Mrs. Murray, with a smile, as she stroked and quieted her strenuous pet. Minto is a Dalmatian—one of those spotted dogs that are commonly known as plum puddings.

"It was about 4 o'clock yesterday, and I was expecting my children home from an outing, when I heard a ring at the bell," said Mrs. Murray. "I opened the door and was astonished to see a strapping, big black man with a ruffianly look staring at me from bloodshot eyes. I came from Norfolk, Va., where my father formerly had a plantation, and so, you see, I was taking no chances with the man."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I asked.

Negro Came Back.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Harris. Isn't this No. 237?" he asked.

"Something in his appearance frightened me terribly, and I slammed the door in his face after briefly telling him 'No.'"

"I suppose it was half an hour later that the bell rang again. I thought that this time it must be my children. To my amazement when I opened the door this time the same negro was there. He didn't say a word and just as I realized my danger and screamed he sprang inside the door and clutched my arm with one hand and threw a bunch of keys into my mouth with the other. I had just time to cry, Minto! Minto! before his grip choked my voice."

"It was simply a desperate resort, for I had no idea whether the dog would respond. I was not long in doubt. Minto dashed into the room, growling and showing his teeth. The negro dropped me in a minute and made for the window. The dog headed him off, showing every tooth in his head in an ugly snarl. Then he flew at him and bit him and chased him to the street, and I sat down and fainted."

If Mrs. Murray had kept her senses she would have seen the negro, who, Minto hanging on like a bull-terrier to the calf of his leg, dashed yelling into the street. A street car was passing, and the neighbors, who had been aroused and joined in the chase, were reinforced by half a dozen of the passers-by.

Dog Clung to Negro.

Screaming and cursing, the black man, with the dog sticking like a plaster, rushed up the street, with a shouting crowd of pursuers, numbering thirty, at his heels. He ran four blocks to Greenwich avenue, and then Policeman Moore threw his nightstick between his legs and tripped him. He came down with the dog still clinging on, and the bluecoat had a hard job to save him from Minto and the crowd, who were yelling:

"Lynch the black brute!"

Just then Mrs. Murray, who had been revived, hurried up with her ten-year-old daughter Mary.

"I am a Southern woman," she cried to the angry crowd threatening the negro, "but I respect the law. Let the policeman arrest this man, and I am confident he will get his punishment."

The crowd respected her wishes and followed to the Charles street station without making further threats. Mrs. Murray and her little girl had to hold back Minto to keep him from falling on the negro again in the station-house. The man said his name was Charles the Roe and that he was a cook on the Catskill boat Ida. Mrs. Murray's neck is badly scratched and bruised and her face cut by the bunch of keys.

IN THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

BOB BLAKE,  
of America

sings a sweet little love song entitled

"There's Nothing  
in the World  
Like Love"

This sweet and dainty love song was written by Edwin Madden and Henrietta Banker-Becker, both famous as song writers and composers. It will be given, words and music complete, with next

SUNDAY WORLD

## HOOK-AND-EYE TYRANNY ENDED BY A MERE MAN

Sufferer Invents Device That  
Relieves Husbands from  
Torture.

If you are a helpless husband and belong to the buttoners' brigade, take heart, for the problem of the hook and eye has been solved at last. Soon no longer need maddened mankind wrestle with the diabolical device, or magnanimously suffer the sorrows of a High Priest of his wife's wardrobe. The day is dawning when mere man will be relieved of this irksome job and his battling with a battalion of indomitable hooks and eyes will soon be a thing of the past.

Samuel D. Pinckney, of Brooklyn, who related on yesterday's Evening World his nerve-racking experience in tackling the mysteries of feminine finery while on his vacation, has been the indirect cause of solving the sorrows of his brother buttoners and hookers up the back, for from the ranks of weary, worn and rebellious spouses comes one who has beaten his enemy, the hook and eye, at its own game.

He is Harold Clarke, of No. 103 Park avenue, who, on reading of the tribulations of the Brooklynite, came to offer Pinckney and other helpless husbands ready relief and incidentally claim the \$50 prize offered for a design to fasten gowns with which man could grapple.

"You can just bet I don't hook up my wife's waists," said Mr. Clarke. "I don't have to, for we have devised a means of side-tracking hooks and eyes. I admit I once was an amateurish lady's maid, and was as meek a hooker-up as any man with a dressy wife. That's why I rebelled and decided it would either have to be hooks or I that left my happy home. Well, being of an inventive turn of mind, I set to work devising a plan to eliminate these household pests."

"I took a pulley as my plan and finally evolved this device, which forced hooks and eyes to make a hurried exit from my house two months ago"—and the inventor waved a waist to which was apparently attached a cord of steel. "At a deft jerk the cord unraveled, disengaging a set of automatic hooks and eyes which hooked and unhooked with alacrity at the touch of the wearer."

"It's great when you're in a hurry," Mr. Clarke went on, "for you don't have to waste time looking for hooks and eyes. 'Zip-bing!'—and the whole thing is done, with nary a hook to try your patience and nerves. As for the husband of the woman who wears one—well, he has a perfect snap. There's no fear of a waist or skirt bursting apart, even in a subway crush, for there are no buttons to tear away or hooks to go on a jag."

"A man can easily tackle this kind of a dress proposition, even with no maid to guide him. Inter-lings and under-lings and all plain sailing, for everything is out in the open, and not a hook can hide."

My wife is away for the summer, and she writes me that she has all the women guessing how she does and dons her garments at her rapid-fire wit. Besides, she is always neat where the waists go, together, with no snap or loose buttons, as the average woman have. She can dress in the dark without the least trouble, as she showed every one, the other evening. All the lights went out at dressing time, and they wouldn't go on again. But do you think that fooled my wife? Not at all. She put on a Princess gown, gave one jerk at her automatic hooks and pulled forth, the pink of perfection, a winter dress of white tulle and lace, with her husband's wristed and wriggled the offending hooks in an effort to get their groins buttoned up the back.

"Yes, I'm keen about my invention for getting even with hooks and eyes, and as my wife has been using it for two months with perfect comfort I expect I'll have no more of the puzzling hook and eye problem."

TOOK 332 BALLOTS

TO NOMINATE KNAPP.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 21.—After an eight days' session, in which 332 ballots were taken, Charles L. Knapp was today nominated for Congress by the Twenty-eighth District Republican Convention. Isaac L. Hunt, of Jefferson, withdrew from the race, which gave Knapp 20 and Merrick Stowell, of Oswego, 12.

## "Zip! Bing!" Hooks Find Eyes And Hubby Finds Relief



## SIX HURT IN PANIC ON TROLLEY CAR

(Special to The Evening World.)

ELIZABETH N. J., Aug. 21.—Six persons were injured in a panic on a trolley car from Newark this afternoon, when a pipe through which air was being forced to the tank of the car broke away from the coupling.

The pipe thrust about, the air

meanwhile escaping with a roar. It

struck against the car several times and the passengers in alarm got jammed at the doors, trying to escape.

Some fell and were trampled, one woman's back being broken. The others were crushed and bruised. All were taken to their homes.

FELL INTO A BONFIRE.

Six-year-old Sidney Bernan, of No. 165 Washington avenue, the Bronx, while playing about a bonfire near his home this afternoon, tripped and fell into the fire. His playmates saved his life by rolling him into a ditch, but his clothing was burned off.

He was taken to the Fordham Hos-

pital and will probably get well.

## POLICEMAN IS FIRED AS RESULT OF GIRL'S DEATH

Deputy Baker Dismisses Shel-  
lard, Who Is Charged With  
Her Murder.

David Shellard, formerly a patrolman in the Hamburg avenue precinct in Brooklyn, and now under arrest on a charge of killing Barbara Rieg in a shelter house in Irving Square Park on July 21, was dismissed from the Police Department this afternoon. Deputy Commissioner Baker conducted Shellard's trial and issued the order of dismissal.

Shellard, a married man, had been acquainted with the Rieg girl, who worked in a factory, for some months. She was found dead with a bullet wound through her head in the shelter house early in the morning of July 21 by a policeman, who summoned Shellard. The latter was on the beat along one side of the park. The pistol with which the girl had been killed could not be found.

Although Shellard and a dozen other policemen in the Hamburg avenue precinct knew the girl, they strove to hide her identity, and it was not until the next day that her mother recognized her. The Evening World soon established that she knew Policeman Shellard, and the cop was finally taken in hand by Inspector Hussey and questioned, until he broke down.

Shellard admitted that he was in the shelter house with the girl. He declared that she was intoxicated with him and that she shot herself with his revolver when he refused her advances. He was immediately arrested, charged with murder. Subsequently a coroner's jury exonerated him, but he is now awaiting the action of the Grand Jury under \$10,000 bail.

As soon as Shellard made his confession charges were preferred against him by Inspector Hussey. He was put in jail, and his post-mortem was refused to appear because he was in jail. Today's proceedings were brief. Shellard was accused of being absent from post-mortem, his post-mortem was refused to appear because he was in jail. Today's proceedings were brief. Shellard was accused of being absent from post-mortem, his post-mortem was refused to appear because he was in jail.

Through a lawyer, who vainly pleaded for delay, Shellard entered a plea of not guilty. His attorneys, contesting in the plea, were introduced in evidence and he admitted that he had signed the confession. Justice promptly entered the order of dismissal.

## Ehrich Bros

ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS. 6TH AVE. 22D TO 23D ST. N. Y.

## 5-Hour Clothing Flyer

Saturday From 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.  
Beyond doubt the greatest clothing opportunity of the day. One you cannot afford to miss.

## Men's \$12 Suits \$3

Only 100 Suits to sell Saturday at This Price

These suits are of fine wool chevrons, sizes 33 to 42, mostly two-piece suits. Actually worth \$12.00, but to crowd our Clothing Department Saturday we're going to sell them at \$3.

Saturday from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.

## Men's \$20 Blue Serge Suits, \$7.50

Sizes from 33 to 44 Chest Measure.

About 800 of these fine hand-tailored suits of finest blue serges, back Thibets, fancy chevrons and worsteds. Venetian, Apoca and Serge linings. Positively the greatest values ever offered at \$7.50.

## Men's \$4 Worsted Trousers, 89c

Saturday from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.

All sizes, 30 to 50 waist; made of fine worsteds, chevrons and cassimeres in neat dark patterns; also some nebb light outing trousers. No mail or C. O. D. orders and only one pair to a customer.

Boys' \$8 & \$10 Knicker Suits \$1.00  
Boys' 7 c Knicker Pants 25c  
Boys' Midy Suits 35c

## Men's 75c and \$1.00 Coat Shirts

We have secured 600 dozen more of those popular Coat Shirts of which we have already sold so many thousands.

They are made of fine fast color percales and madras, in neat light and dark effects. All hand laundered; cuffs attached and in all sizes. The duplicates of these shirts sell for 75c and \$1.00 regularly; we place the 600 dozen on sale for to-morrow till 1 P. M.

—closing time—at

39c

## Help Wanted To Day!

As Advertised for in The Morning  
World's Want Directory.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1908.	
Addressers .....	13
Agents .....	15
Apprentices .....	1
Bakers .....	12
Bartenders .....	2
Blacksmiths .....	2
Bookbinders .....	4
Bookkeepers .....	6
Boys .....	25
Brazemakers .....	2
Butchers .....	9
Cabinet Makers .....	1
Canvassers .....	13
Carpenters .....	1
Cashiers .....	2
Chambermaids .....	1
Chefs .....	3
Collectors .....	4
Compositors .....	1
Cooks (M) .....	1
Cooks (F) .....	1
Cutters .....	4
Dentists .....	4
Electricians .....	2
Drivers .....	1
Drug Clerks .....	2
Electricians .....	2
Elevator Runners .....	1
Embroiders .....	1
Apprentices .....	1
Enginers .....	1
Farm Hands .....	1
Fishermen .....	1
Fitters .....	1
Folders .....	1
Foremen .....	1
Gardeners .....	1
Glaziers .....	1
Housework .....	25
Total .....	163

The World printed today 653  
Help Ads. 9% more than all other  
New York papers combined.